

## DOES IT CATCH YOU —Right in the Back?



It may be that you are mysteriously attacked by pain in back, (lumbago), or limbs, "neuritic" pains—shooting anywhere. Backache of any kind is often caused by kidney disorder, which means that the kidneys are not working properly. Poisonous matter and uric acid accumulate within the sick kidneys. Perhaps you have become nervous, dependent, sick, nervous, irritable, have spots appearing before the eyes, bags under the eyes, and lack ambition to do things. The latest and most effective means of overcoming such trouble, is to drink plenty of water between meals, and take a single Anuric (anti-uric acid) Tablet before each meal for a while, or until recovered.



Carl Junction, Mo.—I have taken Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets and I am pleased to say that this medicine has cured me of kidney trouble and I am glad to recommend Anuric for kidney and bladder troubles.—H. L. LAWRENCE, Box 53.

Simply ask your favorite druggist for Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets (double strength) for the kidneys or send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

To abort a cold and prevent complications, take

# Calotabs

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure. Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

## Acid-Stomach Makes 9 Out of 10 People Suffer

Doctors declare that more than 75 non-organic diseases can be traced to Acid-Stomach. Starting with indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-repeating, bloating, gas, stomach, the entire system eventually becomes affected. Every vital organ suffers in some degree or other. You see these victims of Acid-Stomach everywhere—people who are subject to nervousness, headache, insomnia, palpitation—people who suffer from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and aches and pains all over the body. It is safe to say that about 9 people out of 10 suffer to some extent from Acid-Stomach.

If you suffer from stomach trouble or, even if you do not feel any stomach distress yet, are weak and listless, feel tired and dragged out, lack pep and enthusiasm and know that something is wrong although you cannot locate the exact cause of your trouble—you naturally want to get back your grip on health as quickly as possible. Then take EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy that brings quick relief from pains of indigestion, belching, gas, bloating, etc. Keep your stomach strong, clean and sweet. See how your general health improves—how quickly the old-time vim, vigor and vitality comes back!

Get a big 50c box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It is guaranteed to please you. If you are not satisfied your druggist will refund your money.

## EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH) RHEUMATISM

Mustardine Subdues the Inflammation and Eases the Soreness Quicker Than Anything Else on Earth.

Pay only 30 cents and get a big box of Bege's Mustardine, which is the original mustard plaster and is made of strong, real, yellow mustard—no substitutes are used. It's known as the quickest pain killer on earth, for in hundreds of instances it stops headache, neuritis, toothache, earache and backache in 5 minutes. It's a sure, speedy remedy—none better for bronchitis, pleurisy, lumbago, and to draw the inflammation from your sore feet there is nothing so good. You get real action with Mustardine—it goes after the pain and kills it right off the feet. You feel better, but it won't blister—it doesn't give agonizing pain a slap on the wrist. It does give it a good healthy punch in the jaw—it kills pain. Ask for and get Mustardine Always in the yellow box.

S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

## STOPS PAIN MUSTARDINE CANNOT BLISTER

WANTED—TO HEAR FROM OWNER OF GOOD FARM FOR SALE. T. M. Carter, 1818-A Park, St. Louis, Missouri.

FRECKLES

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 6-1920.



## The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead  
Author of  
"Kitcheners, and other poems"

### CHAPTER XII.

Conward paused to speak to Irene before leaving the house.

"I owe you my good wishes," he said. "And I give them most frankly, although perhaps with more difficulty than you suppose."

"You are very good, Mr. Conward," she acknowledged.

"I could not wish you anything but happiness," he returned. "And had I been so fortunate as Eiden, in making your acquaintance first, I might have hoped to contribute to your happiness more directly than I can under the present circumstances."

He was speaking in his low, sedulous notes, and his words sent the girl's blood rushing in a strange mixture of gratification and anger. The tribute he implied—that he himself would have been glad to have been her suitor—was skillfully planned to appeal to her vanity, and her anger was due to its success. She told herself she should not listen to such words; she should hate to hear such words. And yet she listened to them, and was not sure that she hated them. She could only say:

"You are very good, Mr. Conward."

He pressed her hand at the door, and again that strange mixture of emotions surged through her.

Conward proceeded to the business section of the town, well pleased with the evening's events. He found his way impeded by crowds in front of the newspaper offices. He had paid little attention to the progress of the war scare, attributing it to the skillful publicity of interests connected with the manufacture of armaments. To the last he had not believed that war was possible.

"Nobody wants to fight," he had assured his business acquaintances. "Even the armament people don't want to fight. All they want is to frighten more money out of the taxpayers of Europe." To Conward this explanation seemed very complete. It covered the whole ground and left nothing to be said.

But tonight he was aware of a keener tension in the crowd atmosphere. They were good-natured crowds, to be sure, laughing and cheering and making sallies of heavy wit; but they were in some way more intense than he had ever seen before. There was no fear of war; there was, rather, an adventurous spirit which seemed to fear that the affair would blow over, as had so many affairs in the past, and all the excitement go for nothing. That war, if it came on war, could last no one dreamed; it would be a matter of a few weeks, a few months, at the most, until a thoroughly whipped Germany would retire behind the Rhine to plan ways of raising the indemnity which outraged civilization would demand.

Conward elbowed his way through the crowds, smiling, in his superior knowledge, over their excitement. Newspapers must have headlines.

At his office Conward used a telephone. Then he walked to a restaurant, where, after a few minutes, he was joined by a young woman. They took a table in a box. Supper was disposed of, and the young woman began to grow impatient.

"Well, you brought me here," she said, at last. "You've fed me, and you don't feed anybody, Conward, without a purpose. What's the consideration?"

"I'm pulling off a little joke, and I want you to help me. You know Eiden—Dave Eiden?"

"Sure. I've known him ever since that jolt put him out of business up in your rooms, over so many years ago. He was too rural for that mixture."

"I want you to get him down to your place some night to be agreed upon—I'll fix the date later—and keep him there until I call for him, with his fiancée."

"Some joke," she said, and there was disgust in her voice. "Who is it on—Eiden, me, or the girl?"

"Never mind who it's on," Conward returned. "I'm paying for it. Here's something on account, and if you make a good job of it I won't be stingy."

He handed her a bill, which she kissed and put in her purse. "I need the money, Conward, or I wouldn't take it."

This part of his trap set, Conward awaited a suitable opportunity to spring it. In the meantime he took Mrs. Hardy partially into his confidence. He allowed her to believe, however, that Eiden's habits would stand correction and he had merely arranged to trap him in one of his favorite haunts. She was very much shocked and thought it was very dreadful, but "of course we must save Irene."

But concerning another part of his program Conward was even less frank with Mrs. Hardy. He was clever enough to know that he must observe certain limitations.

At length all his plans appeared to be complete. The city was in a tumult of excitement over the war, but for Conward a deeper interest centered in the plot he was hatching under the unsuspecting noses of Irene and Eiden. If he could trap Dave the rest would be easy. If he failed in this he had another plan to give failure at least the appearance of success.

The fact that the nation was now at war probably had an influence in speeding up the plot. Everything was under high tension; powerful currents of thought were bearing the masses along unaccustomed channels; society itself was in a state of flux. If he were to strike at all let the blow fall at once.

On this early August night he ascertained that Dave was working alone in his office. Then he called a number on a telephone.

"This is the night," he explained. "You will find him alone in his office. I will be waiting to hear from you at—"

He quoted Mrs. Hardy's telephone number. Then he drove his car to the Hardy home, exchanged a few words with Irene, and sat down to a hand of cribbage with her mother.

Poring over his correspondence, Dave, with his ear cocked for the cry of the latest extra, spent the evening hours in a valiant effort at concentration.

There came a timid knock at the door. "Come in," he called.

No one entered, but presently he heard the knock again. He rose and walked to the door. Outside stood a young woman.

"If you please," she said, "excuse me, but—you are Mr. Eiden, aren't you?"

"Yes. Can I help you in any way?" The woman giggled a moment, but resumed soberly: "You will wonder at me coming to you, but I'm from the country. Did you think that?"

"I suspected it," said Dave with a smile. "You knocked—" He paused.

"Yes."

"Like a country girl," he said, boldly. She giggled again. "Well, I'm lost," she confessed. "I got off the train a short time ago. My aunt was to meet me, but there are such crowds in the street. I must have missed her. And I saw your name on the window and I had heard of you. So I just thought that I'd ask—if you wouldn't mind—showing me to this address."

She fumbled in her pocket, and Dave invited her into the office. There she produced a torn piece of paper with an address.

"Why, that's just a few blocks!" said Dave. "I'll walk around with you." He turned for his hat, but at that moment there was another timid knock on the door. He opened it. A boy of eight or ten years stood outside.

"What is it, son?"

The lad looked shyly at the office. It was evident he was impressed with its magnificence. "Are you Mr. Eiden that sells lots?"

"Yes. Were you thinking of buying a few lots?"

"Did you sell lots to my father?"

"Well, if I knew your father's name perhaps I could tell you. Who is your father?"

"He's Mr. Merton. I'm his son. And he said to me, before he got so bad, he said, 'There's just one honest man in this city, and that's Mr. Eiden.' Is that you, Mr. Eiden?"

"Well, I hope it is, but I won't claim such a distinction. I remember your father very well. Did he send you to me?"

"No, sir. He's too sick. He don't know anybody now. He didn't know me tonight." The boy's voice went thick and he stopped and swallowed.

"And then I remembered what he said about you, and I just came."

"Have you help—a doctor—a nurse?"

"No, sir. We haven't any money. My father spent it all for the lots that he bought from you."

Dave winced. Then, turning to the young woman: "I'm afraid this is a more urgent case than yours. I'll call a taxi to take you to your address."

To his surprise, his visitor broke out in a ribald laugh. She had seated herself on a desk and was swinging one foot jauntily.

"It's all off," she said. "Say, Dave, you couldn't lose me in this burg. You don't remember me, do you? Well, all the better. I'm rather glad I broke down on this job. I used to be something of an actress, and I'd have put it over if it hadn't been for the kid."

The fact is, Dave, she continued, "I was sent up here to decoy you. It wasn't fair fighting, and I didn't like it, but money has been mighty slow of late. I wonder—how much you'd give to know who sent me?"

Dave pulled some bills from his pocket and held them before her. She took them from his hand.

"Conward," she said.

Dave's blood went to his head. "The scoundrel!" he cried. "The low-down dog! There's more in this than appears on the surface."

"Sure there is," she said. "There's another woman. There always is."

Eiden walked to his desk. From a drawer he took a revolver, toyed with it a moment in his hands, broke it open, crushed it full of cartridges, and thrust it in his pocket.

The girl watched with friendly interest. "Believe me, Dave," she said, "if Conward turns up missing I won't know a thing—not a d— thing."

For a moment he stood irresolute. He could only guess what Conward's plan had been, but that it had been diabolical and cowardly, and that it concerned Irene, he had no doubt. His

impulse was to immediately confront Conward, force a confession, and deal with him as the occasion might seem to require. But his eye fell on the boy, with his shock of brown hair and wistful, half-frightened face.

"I'll go with you first," he said, with quick decision. Then to the girl, "Sorry I must turn you out, but this case is urgent."

"That's all right," she said. "I'm used to being turned out." And before he knew it she was in the street.

"All right, son," said Dave, taking up the matter now in hand. "What's your name—your first name?"

"Charlie."

"And your address?"

The boy mentioned a distant subdivision.

"That is out, isn't it? Well, we'll take the car. I guess I'd better call a doctor at once."

He went to the telephone and gave some directions. Then he and the boy walked to a garage and in a few moments were humming along the by-roads into the country. Dave had already become engrossed in his errand of mercy and his rage at Conward, if not forgotten, was temporarily dismissed from his mind.

He chatted with the boy.

"You go to school?"

"Not this year. Father has been too sick. Of course, these are holidays, and he says he'll be all right before they're over."

Dave smiled grimly. "The incurable optimism of it," he murmured to himself. Then outwardly: "Of course he will. We'll fix him up in no time with a good doctor and a good nurse."

They drove on through the calm night, leaving the city streets behind and following what was little more than a country trail. Here and there they bumped over pieces of graded street, infinitely rougher than the natural prairie; once Dave dropped his front wheels into a collapsing water trench; once he just grazed an isolated hydrant.

"And this is one of our 'choice residential subdivisions,'" said Dave to himself. "Fine business! Fine business!"

As the journey continued the sense of self-reproach which had been static in him for many months became



Dave's Blood Went to His Head. "The Scoundrel!" He Cried.

more insistent. The intrusion of Conward into his mind sent the blood to his head, but at that moment his reflections were cut short by the boy.

"We will have to get out here," he said. "The bridge is down."

Investigation proved him to be right. A bridge over a small stream had collapsed and was slowly disintegrating amid its own wreckage. Dave ran the car a little to one side of the road, locked the switch and walked on with the boy.

"Fine business!" Dave repeated to himself. "And this is how our big success was made. Well, the 'success' has vanished as quickly as it came. I suppose there is a law somewhere that is not mocked."

They were passing through a settlement of crude houses, dimly visible in the starlight and by occasional yellow blurs from their windows. Before one of the meanest of these the boy at last stopped, pulled the door open and Dave entered. At first he was conscious of a very small and stuffy room, with a peculiar odor which he attributed to an oil lamp burning on a box. He walked over and turned the lamp up, but the oil was consumed; a red, sullen, smoking wick was its only response. Then he felt in his pocket and struck a match.

The light revealed the dinginess of the little room. There was a bed covered with musty, ragged clothing; a table littered with broken and dirty dishes and pieces of stale food; a stove cracked and greasy, and one or two bare boxes serving as articles of furniture. But it was to the bed Dave turned, and with another match bent over the shrunken form that lay almost concealed amid the coarse coverings. He brought his face down close, then straightened up and steadied himself for a moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Almighty Dollar.

Bribery has been the downfall of many public men during the course of history. Francis Bacon, the greatest thinker of his age, was ruined by his cupidity. Lord Chancellor Maclesfield and Waterbury were destroyed by the same vice. Benedict Arnold sold a fort in New York to the enemy for \$13,575. For this same sin Gorgel betrayed Austria. Althopel forsook David and Judas delivered up Christ.

Standard for Radium.

Scientists in Europe are trying to determine and agree upon an international standard of strength and purity for radium.

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## NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in Nostrils to Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, mucous discharge, headache, dryness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.

Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, give you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid.—Adv.

## Christian Church History.

With much diversity of opinion on minor points, there is a general agreement in dividing the history of the church into three great periods: the first, from the birth of Christ to the time of Constantine; the second, from that epoch to the reformation, and third, from the reformation to the present time.

## DYED HER BLOUSE. SKIRT AND A COAT

"Diamond Dyes" Turned Faded, Shabby, Old Apparel Into New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to dye with diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

## An Instance.

"The war has put many a lovely one on unexpected heights."

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